Volume LXXVIII CHICAGO, February 22, 1917 Number 25

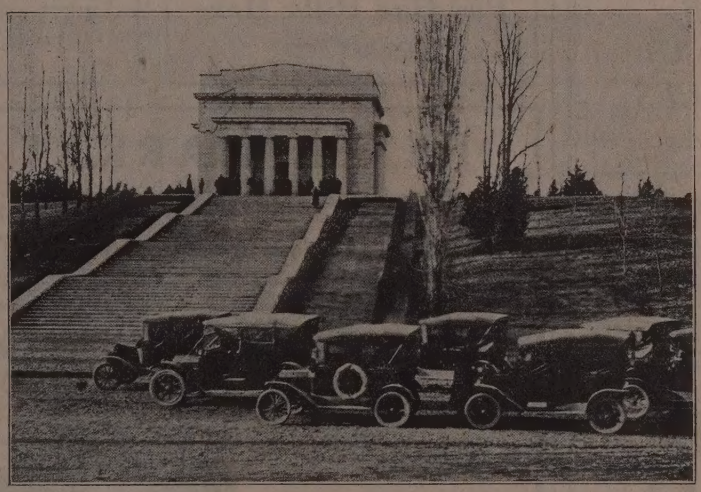
UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

There, in that humble cabin, separate
From everything the world regarded great,
Where wealth had never pressed its greedy feet,
Where honor, pomp or fame found no retreat,
E'en there was born beneath the eye of God
The noblest man His footstool ever trod.

Rev. George W. Crofts.



THE RESTORED SHRINE

Enclosing the Log Cabin in which Lincoln was born

From Photograph by J. C. Bley, February 11, 1917

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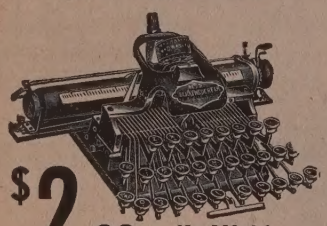

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Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXVIII THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1917. Number 25

TO THE PRESIDENT.

Woodrow Wilson,
Man of Destiny,
God-chosen!
Stay now thy hand another hour,
In thee alone the world sees promise of the dawn,
Stay then thy hand another hour!

I have sailed the seven seas;
I've seen Jews in Russia bleed;
I've been touched by Finland's pleas;
I feel China's direst need;
I have seen the Balkan fire;
I have heard their heart's desire;
I have talked with troops in trains—
Russian, German; England's, Spain's.

Everywhere, in every hour,
They included in their dower,
As their heritage of soul,
As the blossom of their toil,
As the fruit of all their pain,

Belief in us!
Man of Men,
Fail us not,
In this dread hour
Of earth's travail
Of soul rebirth.

The peoples of earth demand that you lead us
Out of the welter of chaos,
Out of the madness of blood,
Out of the death of despair,
Out of the blackness of fear,
Out of the panic of war,
Into the path of peace,
Into the door of health,
Into the house of opportunity,
Into the ownership of ourselves,
Into a land of justice,
Which is the promised land,
Which America has promised!

Oh Leader of Men,
Our Captain of Light,
Clothed in the might
Of America!
Be still
Too proud to fight!

Oh Prophet of Truth,
Take counsel of Peace;
Strong in the strength
Of thy heart's pure desire!
And know that we know
The future is thine!

F. G. N.

As might be expected, this number of Unity is largely given over to the Hodgenville Excursion which, happily for all parties concerned, carried a large part of the Unity force with it. Such an expedition, "not for pecuniary profit," or idle curiosity, does not often occur, and so we gladly make space for this report, and next week we propose to continue on our journey and give our readers some glimpses of the things seen and echoes of the things heard at the Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap, and the Cincinnati reception to the returning party. We hope our readers will help to place these issues where they will do the most good. A limited number of extra copies can be ordered at the rate of five cents per copy. Some copies of last week's issue, containing the account of the John Haynes Holmes' addresses and conferences, are also available.

Our exchanges are full of the announcement that a Methodist pastor, Reverend Worth M. Tippy of New York City, has "sacrificed the highest salary in his denomination" in order to take a position of four thousand less per year as associate secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. His reasons for this sacrifice are notable. He is convinced "that religion is for the whole life"; that "personal religion and social service must be fused together by love for humanity." This means a fight that will result in a new civilization. He says no one denomination can meet the problems involved, nor can all the churches working separately. The great word is co-operation. Heaven speed Mr. Tippy in his work! May the boundaries of his federation grow larger and larger until the assumed theological limit now implied in their "declaration" will fade away.

It must be a surprise to most of the great dailies to read the recent announcement that Mr. Ford has just closed up the work of the Neutral Conference Committee in Europe, for according to their assumption and repeated announcement, the whole peace ship venture had come to an ignominious end many months ago. It will be a regret to the better informed to know that the present complications with Germany have seemed to Mr. Ford adequate reason for suspending for the present his activities across the sea, but the most important thing for the public to know is that there were activities to be suspended, that subordinate centers were established at Christiania, Stockholm, Copenhagen and Berne, and that these offices were handled by men and women of great ability, and were in constant communication with the central office at the Hague. They were doing things, and those on the inside know that these lines of activity were reaching with increasing effectiveness into the centers of power. The story of the peace ship has never yet been told because the story is not yet ended, and the preliminary chapters were distorted and ridiculed by

press bureaus incompetent to give serious study to that which was prejudged as a "fool's errand in the hands of fanatics."

It is refreshing to learn that Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, the English poet, perhaps more successful than most of his colleagues, has been enabled to keep his head, is not an "-ist" and follows no "-ism," according to his own statement made at the annual dinner of the Poetry Society of America in New York City. Poetry cannot pass through the slaughter house of analysis and dissection and come out alive any more than can pigs or steers. Poetry is synthetic. An appreciation of it must ever rest on more fundamental grounds than can be discovered by the scalpel. We are distrustful of "schools," and "classes," and "groups," however modern or ancient. Emerson says somewhere: "Beware of the man who says: 'I am about to make a revelation.'" Perhaps it may be well for the student of literature and the lover of poetry to beware of the men and women who say: "We have founded a new school of poetry." "We exploit a new method and have made a new discovery." Time, the only reliable critic, must pronounce on the vitality and staying qualities of any production or "maker," to hark back to the Greek significance of the word "poet."

Rev. R. S. Loring, Ann Arbor, Michigan, is secretary of the Unitarian Service-Pension Society, which in its "Circular Number Five," recently issued, sets forth the claim of this society upon all those interested in the ministerial profession as represented by the Unitarian body. Pending an old age pension by the state, the lot of an aged minister is one of the gloomiest among the professions. One-half of even the Unitarian pastors, who rate much higher than those of other denominations, receive less than $1,000 a year as salary. On such an income the minister maintains a home and runs a family, accumulates a library. The Episcopal church hopes to complete a five million dollar endowment pension fund by March first; the Presbyterians are raising a ten-milion dollar fund, the Methodists a fifteen-million fund. The Unitarians are dreaming of a $500,000 fund some day, and are now seeking a ten-thousand-dollar contribution to such a fund. We are well aware that their claim does not come in among the "pressing" demands, but not the least evil of the present abnormal condition in the world is the fact that the lines of duty are confused—the perspective is disturbed—the far-reaching benefactions are neglected; the well-being of society no more than the well-being of the individual can be kept permanently guarded at a "quick lunch counter." We hope some of our readers will be sufficiently interested in this movement to send for further information to the secretary named above.

The Fellowship of Reconciliation (Secretary, E. W. Evans, 511 Otis Building, Philadelphia, Pa.), is the title of one more organization which is doing things in the interest of sanity—a patriotism that would save our government from the war plague. Though it recognizes the "rights" of American citizens to pursue legitimate business on the high seas, it still remembers that such rights, "beside the deeper moral issues sink into relative insignificance." It says:

> Yet it is not by war with Germany that the United States can champion the moral order of Christendom. This moral order is a system of moral and spiritual relationships between human beings, and these relationships, whether between a few persons or between nations, rest ultimately upon the characters of individuals. Wrong can be successfully opposed only by making men righteous. Not a nation defeated, but the nations won to righteousness is what the world needs.
>
> It is simply that war with Germany would be a colossal expenditure of life and wealth—a diversion of national resources which would arrest social progress for untold years. But the tragedy of such a war, undertaken for the sake of human welfare, would be that after all the price paid, after all the loss of life, the blood-sweat and the anguish, after all the magnificent heroism and self-sacrifice shown by many of its supporters, it would be found to have defeated its own ends. That all the sanguinary conflicts of history have done no more to make the principles of righteousness effective is due to no strange miscarriage of fate. It is the natural consequence of the contradiction between the method of war and the principles of moral order.
>
> The method of war, instead of defending, inevitably shatters moral principles. In making the defeat of the enemy its supreme object it subordinates the moral law to military necessity. In its wholesale destruction of men by men, in engendering widespread hatred and distrust, it violates that reverence for personality which lies at the heart of the Christian religion. In demanding absolute obedience to military authority and the surrender of the right to act according to conscience, it cuts at the very life root of moral being. However just a cause may be, the method of war is intrinsically and incurably evil and therefore self-defeating.

UNITY has never been published for dollars, though, thanks to loyal friends, it has never defaulted for a dollar, and is now facing the future with a clean bank account. But it has not been without revenue. If any of our readers wonder how or why the editorial grind has been continued all these thirty-eight years, the answer would come could they have an occasional glimpse at the letter crate which always contains a pile of unanswered. The Editor wishes he could pass some of the cheer in private letters on to the readers. For instance, an old soldier writes from "way down in Maine":

"I am now climbing up out of a severe case of pneumonia which has left me stranded so far as money goes. I am still in arrears to UNITY, but I hope to make good again not very far ahead. The illness, while it has laid me low, has in many ways quickened the impulses of life, and flooded the days with all the past in thought, activity and personal contact with men. Among the latter, UNITY stands in the forefront.

Some impulse, coming up from deep down we know not where, has induced me to scratch as best I may, from a couch which I have not left for thirty days, these few personal words. I met the Editor once in my life and talked with him face to face. But that was twenty-five years ago, and yet there seems to be a grip of comradeship that will not down. The Editor and I are not far apart in age. When I unslung my knapsack among the people of my home community in 1865, I found the question rife, 'What shall we do with Jefferson Davis?' The question was put up to the soldiers for a reply. My immediate word was: 'If the government of this country cannot be maintained except by taking the life of Jefferson Davis, then it can never be maintained *by* taking his life.' So much on our oneness in spirit towards our friend, the enemy. Aside from these personal reminiscences, I understand the compass, intensity and activity of UNITY, in putting before the civilized world the fundamentals of peace. It has grasped the whole problem, set stakes along the horizon, universe wide, and co-ordinate with the stars. I congratulate you upon its brave outlook and solid achievements. May it long continue."

A Restored Shrine

We reprinted in our last week's issue the editorial letter, "A Neglected Shrine," printed in UNITY on the 24th of March, 1904, and that issue also contained notice of the proposed visit to the "Restored Shrine." The story of that pilgrimage and the attendant "Service of Remembrance" is told in this week's number. The Editor resigns his place to other reporters, hoping that the readers of UNITY will be enabled to join in the impressive service and, to a degree, share in the emotions there awakened. The outward difference brought about in thirteen brief and hurried years is strangely impressive; the abandoned farm, the desecrated spring, the ignorance or the stolid indifference of town and state of thirteen years ago offer a striking contrast with the rediscovered cabin fittingly encased in its marble temple. No architecture could be more suitable than the simplicity and solemnity of the Greek. We now find an awakened community, an appreciative and co-operative state. The churches of Louisville, the metropolis of Kentucky, were thrown open that night to the many visitors from the North who invaded the state with the weapons of love, in the armament of brotherhood, which a little over half a century ago was lurid with the camp fires of armed men.

When it was suggested to Lincoln in ante-bellum days that he visit his birthplace on an electioneering campaign, he said, "They would mob me if I returned."

There is more to be done in the way of cultivating an appreciation of him who was cabin-born at Hodgenville one hundred and eight years ago. There is more to do in enhancing the attractiveness and increasing the availability of this shrine, but all this will follow. The Birthplace of Lincoln is now safely conserved for the adoration of coming generations. A shrine of humanity has been worthily encased and ennobled during the last thirteen years.

The Editor commends these imperfect reports and descriptions to our readers and rejoices that he was so worthily accompanied and reinforced on this notable excursion.

A Warning and A Protest

THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO HEARD FROM.

UNITY has never felt called to discharge the functions of a "newspaper." It has assumed that its readers, most of them, are as well or better posted on "current events" than the Editor. But in the present emergency we feel that readers dependent upon the daily papers for their information are in danger of being perpetually uninformed or misinformed concerning the great issues of the day. It has always been the editorial prerogative of editors, particularly those of daily papers, to "blue-pencil" their contributions, to "edit" the reports of movements and public issues, but now there seems to be either a conspiracy of silence or a combination to satirize and minimize the thinking of earnest people on the profoundest issues of our day. In other words, the great metropolitan press are "blue-penciling" issues and representatives of such issues, men and women profoundly in earnest and extensively trusted. Meetings that stir communities to the center are subject to the above treatment. The editorial twist and the partisan bias is not confined to the editorial opinion exploited in editorial space, but the "reporters," the penny-a-line, callow youths of both sexes, are employed to distort with their flippant handling and superficial estimate, grave issues seriously discussed and solemnly considered by vast numbers of people.

Such a meeting was that held in the Coliseum at Chicago last Sunday afternoon. A vast assemblage of about twelve thousand people overwhelmingly masculine filled the great auditorium. It was a solemn audience; so far as accommodations permitted, a seated audience, with uncovered heads, and the multitude who could not find seats or come within earshot of the platform stood patiently. The speaking was earnest, the demand was clear, the response was so hearty that at times it reached a profoundity too intense for noise.

The Rev. Fred A. Moore, leader in the Open Forum movement in Chicago, presided, most effect-

ively. Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, Congressman Callaway of Texas, a member of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, Alderman J. C. Kennedy of Chicago, Mr. Robert H. Howe, Secretary of the Socialist organization, Miss Grace Abbott of Hull House, Secretary of the Immigrants' Protective League, and the Editor of UNITY were the speakers. The petition which was speeded to Washington by a tremendous affirmative vote, urged that citizens and vessels be warned from entering the war zone, and that war should be undertaken "only as the expressed and deliberate choice of the people upon whom its burdens will chiefly fall." It demanded that a referendum be taken before "a state of war be allowed to develop between this government and any other government."

It is our conviction that this mighty demonstration in the largest available hall in Chicago was only a symptom of a real feeling, widespread throughout our country. The vast army of laborers, the multitudes who, under the name of socialists, single taxers, suffragists and other reforms have been doing some clear thinking and learning to discriminate between noise and reason, between heat and light, all are moving in the direction of this meeting. They are left without any medium of honest expression. The mothers of America, the millions on the farm and in the shops, aye, the silent student in school and church have come to regard war as the sum of all evils, bereft of any power of promoting justice or representing righteousness.

The American people have a large majority who are beginning to realize more and more clearly that there is a possibility of a dishonorable "honor," that the immediateness of "ultimatums" and the one "overt act," are perpetual menaces to the HONOR as well as the prosperity of the United States.

Whatever the newspapers may say or not say, take UNITY's word for it, last Sunday afternoon's meeting at the Coliseum was of profound significance, and timid preachers, hesitating legislators, a confused Congress and a perplexed president may well take serious note of it.

LINCOLN

God took a piece of common human clay;
  Planted therein ambition's vital seed;
Placed him, a youth, beside the common way,
  That he might learn the common human need.

Made strong by strife, he faced the storm of wrath;
  Love made him wise, a nation's cause to plead;
He walked with God, though in a yeoman's path,
  And seized on fame by an immortal deed.

1917 —*Thomas Curtis Clark.*

A Service of Remembrance

Held in the Memorial Temple at the Birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, near Hodgenville, Kentucky, February 11, 1917, Jenkin Lloyd Jones Conducting.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED.

INTRODUCTION.

The Lord is in His holy place. Let all the earth keep silence before Him. Let all external distractions, all worry, all ambition, all prejudice be laid aside in this place that this service of remembrance may be, as was intended by the officials of the Lincoln Memorial University, a service of religion.

One hundred and eight years ago the veil was parted and there was given birth to one of the world's noblemen. The vicissitudes of travel have cut short the time, all too precious. Our exercises must be very brief; all the more should they be intensive.

Singing....."God Bless Our Native Land"

RESPONSIVE READING.

Renewed this day be all noble memories.
  All high and holy traditions of the past.
Remembered be the generations who have wrought in travail and pain.
  That we might be the heirs of truth and freedom and peace.
Let us give thanks for the great Emancipator.
  Who considered the cause of the poor and such as had none to help them.
A friend of liberty and righteous laws.
  At all times steadfast and faithful found.
Remembered be the labors of him who wrought mightily.
  Shaping to larger ends our national life.
Who lived and died for his country defending her righteous cause.
  Matching his high faith by heroic deed.
Thanks be to God for this faithful life.
  Thanks be to God for this friend and helper of men.

And they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless.
  And the angel said unto them, "Fear not, for thy prayer is heard. Unto thee a child will be born.
Thou shalt have joy and gladness.
  And many shall rejoice in his birth.
For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord.
  He shall be filled with the Holy Spirit.
He shall go before them in the spirit and power of Truth.
  To turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to walk in the wisdom of the just."
All together.
  Thanks be to God for His holy saints: thanks be to him who giveth wisdom, which in all ages entering into holy souls, maketh them friends of God and prophets.
Solo—"The Magnificat".....Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson

Prayer .....Jenkin Lloyd Jones

In the solemnities of this place and hour, in the tide of memories and unfolding associations, in the power of the revelations of the lowly, we would, O God, be chastened and brought nearer and still nearer to Thee. O Father, who has revealed here Thy goodness, set forth also Thy power and magnify Thy law in this presence. May our hearts be full of gratitude, our souls stirred with fresh reverence. Calm our fevered pulses, make us one with Thee and Thine mid these holy memories and in this holy place. Amen.

Hymn .....Hummel

The prairies to the mountains call
  The mountains to the sea;
From shore to shore a nation keeps
  Her martyr's memory.

Though lowly born, the seal of God
  Was in that rugged face;

Still from the humble Nazareths come
The saviors of the race.

With patient heart and vision clear
He wrought through trying days,—
"Malice toward none, with love for all,"
Unswerved by blame or praise.

And when the morn of Peace broke through
The battle's cloud and din
He hailed with joy the promised land
He might not enter in.

He seemed as set by God apart,
The winepress trod alone;
Now stands he forth an uncrowned king,
A people's heart his throne.

Land of our loyal love and hope,
O land he died to save,
Bow down, renew today thy vows
Beside his martyr grave!

—*Frederick L. Hosmer.*

through whatever is noble and high in American history. The names of Lincoln and Hanks reach back into that which makes the story of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Kentucky resplendent.

The name of "Lincoln" was an honest and honorable inheritance from the fore-elders that reached back to those who gathered under the arches of the Norwich Cathedral because they would not submit to the phraseology of the Bishop. Only sixteen years after the landing of the Mayflower at Plymouth Rock, there landed on the coast of what is now Hingham a colony in which there were three Thomas Lincolns: Thomas Lincoln the carpenter, Thomas Lincoln the weaver and Thomas Lincoln the smith. A year after that landing came a younger brother of Thomas Lincoln the weaver. He had stayed behind long enough to complete his apprenticeship as weaver. From that lad, Samuel Lincoln, came the line that has been traced by the Genealogical Society of the United States

THE LINCOLN SPRING

Near which Thomas Lincoln erected his pioneer home. As restored and protected by the Lincoln Farm Association

ADDRESS

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

This is not the time for deliberate, much less for lengthy speech. Fortunately words are not necessary. I had meant to offer some evidences that would go to show that, very slowly, history, public intelligence and patriotism are giving back into the arms of his father and mother the great Abraham Lincoln. The mystery and consequent fancy and gossip, ever reaching into slander, that once settled down over the memory of Nancy Hanks and Thomas Lincoln is gradually being lifted, and we find that in Abraham Lincoln the law of heredity was not tricked; he was such as might have been expected under the circumstances. The angel of the Lord, the spirit of the Most High did not descend upon this humble cabin as a visible dove from on high, but it poured itself into this inheritance through underground conduits that lead back through seven successive generations, until we come to Abraham Lincoln the Great, who was born in this cabin a hundred and eight years ago.

The story of the "Hanks" family is none the less tender, touching, strong and beautiful. Although more ambiguous it is being brought out into the clear. The original "Hanks" landed in Plymouth in 1699. The tide of life bore his descendants down through Jersey into Pennsylvania and over into Virginia. The "Hankses" were the first tower clock makers in America, were the first bell founders. They were interested also in silk manufactures. By the time the tide of life had reached these backwoods it had mingled with the blood of the Shipleys, the Boones and the Lincolns. All of these are names to conjure by in the history of America.

Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks were no paupers, they did not represent poverty. They repre-

sented the simplicity of pioneer life. The pioneers who overflowed the mountains of Virginia into this state of Kentucky were not adventurers seeking excitements or dissipations, but they were in search of homes and brought their wives and children along with them. They were touched by the ambitions of culture. Those silent forests were indeed primitive temples of the Most High and they echoed the words of devout prayers and uplifting Psalms.

The beloved Abraham Lincoln was given into the arms of the most pitably neglected character in American history. I intended to give you some documentary evidence, some citations from those who were nearest her. I would like, did time permit, to quote from Doctor Graham, the pioneer scientist, the early botanist of Kentucky, who testified to her claims in the home, to her brightness in society and her unquestioned influence in life. I would have liked to recite what you all ought to know from the testimony of Lincoln himself, that his earliest recollection of her was when he and his sister gathered around her knees to listen to the tales of the knights of old, the fables of Æsop and the immortal stories of the Bible.

It would be fitting at this time to be reminded of how that "little mother" at thirty-five years of age laid her dying hand on the head of little Abraham, only eight years old, commending to his care the father and sister, assuring him of her confidence, her faith that he would lead the good life, and to trust the Good Father as she had taught him. You all know the benediction that came out of the heart of the great President for the little mother, which is printed on your program: "God bless my mother! All that I am, or ever hope to be, I owe to her."

This is indeed holy ground. So we come to this restored shrine which thirteen years ago I found a "neglected shrine." The adjoining spring was the wallow of pigs. The logs now in this cabin were lost. The farm was practically abandoned. The title to it a court entanglement. The story of those thirteen years is interesting and exciting. The farm was rescued from the sheriff's hands. The logs were rediscovered and returned in a triumphal march from New York to this place. The people of America, including thousands of the children of America, rallied to the support of the "Lincoln Farm Association," and this sacred relic was encased within these permanent marble walls in which now we find it. It is now the property of the Government of the United States with an endowment to be kept in its perpetual charge.

We are the forerunners of the long column of pilgrims that will come from all parts of the world to visit this shrine as one of the holy places of humanity, for herein was born a prophet, the great Emancipator. He has come to the possession of the race. He is no longer an "American," though the greatest of Americans. He is no longer a representative of the English speaking race, though the glory of it, but plain MAN, an honored and beloved representative of humanity. His is the most familiar as well as the most beloved face on the globe.

When the spirit escaped the body, the erstwhile rival, the suspicious, the quarrelsome Secretary of War, the martinet of the Cabinet, broke the silence and said, "He belongs to the ages now." The next day, as the body lay in state in the White House, an aged colored woman, leaning heavily upon the iron gates which then led to the White House, sobbed aloud and said, "He surely belongs to us now!" Indeed he did belong to the race he freed. He was the friend and Emancipator of the lowest; he is now the admiration and the beloved of the holiest and the highest.

Lincoln was also the Great Pacificator, the man whose heart, through all the vicissitudes of war, yearned for peace. He ever strove to ameliorate the bitterness of the strife, the passions of life.

But that is another story, too long for me to mar with hurried phrases. Let us rather in the silences of this occasion bathe our hearts with the sublimities of this moment which are too great for speech, too impressive for hurry.

Solo—"A Thousand Years, My Own Columbia".....
.....Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson

ADDRESS

By Henry R. Rathbone

The birthplace of Abraham Lincoln is consecrated ground to every true American heart. From this cabin went forth the barefooted boy who was to stand as the great bulwark of a nation in the greatest conflict known among national disasters. He was to re-unite his riven country and bear its conquering banner through the great storm of war to glorious victory, and finally was to die with the broken shackles around him, his memory to be enshrined in the hearts of all mankind throughout the world for evermore.

Doctor Jones has spoken of the first words uttered at the occasion of his death: "Now he belongs to the ages." Yes, to the ages, and to all mankind wherever the human heart shall sigh for freedom, wherever the oppressed shall rise against the oppressor, wherever man shall seek to establish or to maintain a true, rational constitutional liberty, there they will turn to Abraham Lincoln as the great example, their guide who will lead them on the path of duty to a glorious destiny.

As we stand on this hallowed ground today, let us, too, highly resolve that this great man shall not have died in vain. Let us consecrate ourselves as citizens of this great Republic to the noble tasks of citizenship; let us, too, fired with the spirit of his patriotism, be assured that if we do so, then we need never fear for the future of our own beloved country, for the temple of the Republic will be founded, not on the ever-shifting sands of selfishness and greed, but on the rock of true patriotism, and there it will stand forever.

Mr. Jones: I was asked by Mr. Hubbell, the President of the Lincoln Memorial University, to conduct a religious service at this place, fitting it to Sabbath Day solemnities, a service of prayer and song, and I must as best I can under the restricted limitations, preserving the spirit of the program which was arranged with that in view.

Hymn—"O Beautiful for Spacious Skies".....
.....Katherine Lee Bates

ADDRESS

Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows.

The whole country owes a debt of lasting gratitude to the chairman of this occasion, Doctor Jones, because previously through his efforts, supplemented by those of the loyal, patriotic people of this United States, this

birthplace of this greatest man has been restored and preserved.

Now, I will omit what I was going to say, but I wish to emphasize what I am sure if Abraham Lincoln was standing now in my place he would emphasize—his obligation to those who came to his support when he was in danger, when seemingly a turn of the hand would have blotted out the United States of America, and given us a division of States on this American Continent. We have been told how the pen of this great American commoner wrote the emancipation proclamation and set free four million human beings, children of one common Father. But he knew, as the Nation knows and as the world knows, that it was necessary that that proclamation should be made effective by the loyal uprising of the North so that there might be no backward steps taken.

I repeat that I believe if he were here, he would pay the little tribute I am about to pay to those who made that proclamation a sublime fact in American history. The swords of a Sherman, a Sheridan, of a Thomas, of a Logan and of a Grant had to re-write that proclamation of emancipation. Their musketry echoed it, their cannon thundered it, their bayonets punctuated it and Appomatox put the final irrevocable Amen of God and man upon it. Only a short time since the spirit of the great pacificator, the man whose great gentle heart continually preached peace, found its echo in the hearts and in the sentiments of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, military leaders of the age, as he came to die, and said, "Let us have peace."

In my own city of Chicago, the city of Doctor Jones and so many of us, a few years ago we woke up to the fact that there were four thousand dead Confederate prisoners buried in that city, and we came to the conclusion that their memory should be honored, and on a Memorial Day, with the help of the Grand Army of the Republic, in Oakwoods Cemetery, a beautiful monument arose and was dedicated. There a Major-General of the Confederate Army took part, and Lieutenant-Generals of the great army, too, were there, among them Major Henry T. Stanton of this State; the sweet poet of Kentucky gave a poem, while General Wade Hampton gave an oration on the occasion, and I never shall forget in time or in eternity the impression made by that poem, which I am going to give you, as illustrating the spirit of Abraham Lincoln and the spirit in which we all together represent one united Nation, irrespective of race, of creed, color or of political sentiment. Remember who he was and those who were about him:

No more reproach, the end has come,
The argument is o'er,
In North and South the calling drum
Shall be for us no more—

and the tears started in my eyes, as they did in the eyes of these great men who had been with him for four long years, on the other side.

The banner of St. Andrew's Cross
In silent dust is lain—

The banner under which those men did deeds of high emprise.

The banner of St. Andrew's Cross
In silent dust is lain,
And what has been a section's loss
Shall prove a nation's gain.

* * * * * *

Our days of perfect peace are on,
Our compact made anew,
And every shade of Gray has gone
To mingle with the Blue.

* * * * * *

Where martial lines shall never stand,
With gleaming sword and gun,
Until, in service of our land,
We march to fight as one.

By my side was General Fitzhugh Lee, on the other General Joe Wheeler. But a few short years having passed, these Confederate Generals wore the Union blue and marched—what had never been done in history in all the world since time began—marched leading the host of American soldiers to fight the battle for humanity, and to lift a people crushed to earth under the iron heel of despotism and permit them to rise by the grace of God and the great heart of the American people, and put another star of the Republic in the galaxy of the skies.

Oh, yes, Brother Jones, I feel the spirit of my once Commander-in-Chief and yours. I feel like saying, God be praised for such a man. Milton termed Scipio the height of Rome. Our Abraham Lincoln is the height of America. His memory will be blessed, will be honored, will be the inspiration of men as long as humanity breathes on this footstool of the Heavenly Father.

ADDRESS—(*Continued*)

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

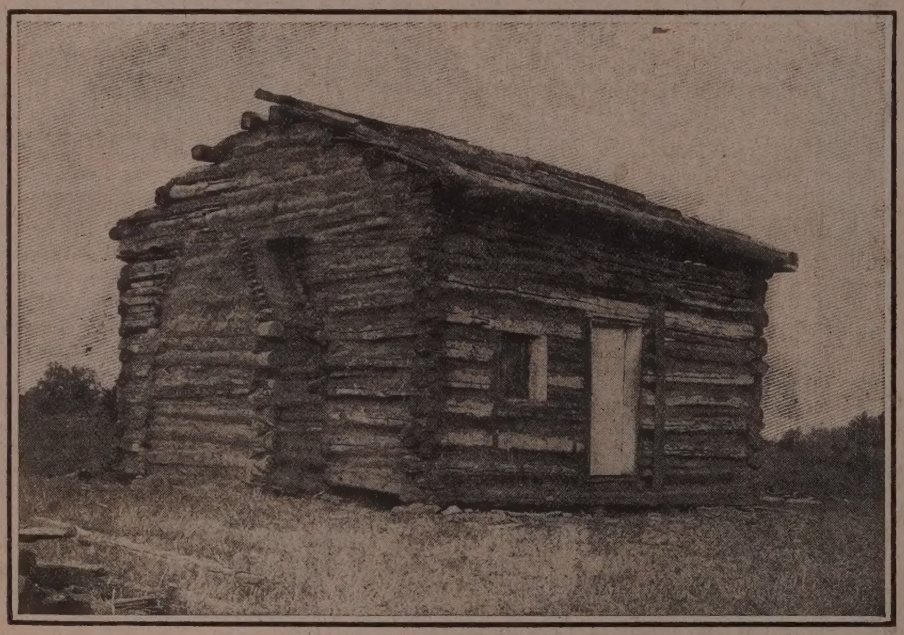
There is little danger that Abraham Lincoln the President of a distracted people, Abraham Lincoln the Emancipator, Abraham Lincoln the Commander in Chief of the noblest army ever marshalled, will be forgotten or lack interpreters. The philosophers are at work upon his memory, the arts are enshrining it. But Abraham Lincoln the pioneer and the forebears of Abraham Lincoln are in great danger of passing out of history uninterpreted and unappreciated for want of those who know enough to rightly interpret that pioneer life.

Abraham Lincoln's fore-elders have been flippantly disposed of by the uncultured cultured. They have disposed of the father of this great man as an aimless, idle "Tom Lincoln the carpenter." I want to pick up such a note as will give back to Lincoln a father worthy of him, a man who built with his own hands three homes, as I figure it, in Kentucky, and one in Indiana and perhaps two in Illinois, each one better than the last. He was a man who had the reputation of having as a cabinet-maker the best kit of tools in the country. This man in the dire trials of life found himself bereft by the death of his companion, thirty miles from a doctor and a hundred and fifty miles from a minister. And it remained for little Abraham, in response perhaps to the first letter he ever wrote, to bring across the country, one hundred and fifty miles, Elder Elkins to preach the funeral sermon three months after the wife had been laid in the grave. Thomas Lincoln with his own hands felled the sycamore tree and with his whipsaw converted it into lumber which he fashioned into the coffin that was to contain all that was visible of his heart's love and the mother of his children, and with his own hand he opened the grave that received the casket. That grave in the wilderness came near passing from the knowledge of man. A citizen of Indiana, one of the Studebakers of South Bend, saved the state and the nation from the reproach of forgetting and losing the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln. Now it is duly

marked, and I found other sycamores growing to shade it and to grace it. On another journey to the Lincoln shrines I found the place where this father was buried in Illinois and resting beside him were the mortal remains of the splendid stepmother, "who always understood him." This Thomas Lincoln was the builder of homes, the trusted of neighbors. I have testimony from the daughter of Dennis Hanks, who married one who was, and probably is still, postmaster of Charleston, Illinois. She said to me in her own home of refinement:

"It is all nonsense about his illiteracy. In his last years, when he had leisure, he was constantly poring over his papers and his Bible, interested in all the public questions and loved to discuss them. He was a kind, religious man. I never sat down to a meal at his house over which he had not asked a blessing, and I never heard a profane word from his lips."

now by consultation with leaders, now by appeal to Congress, anon by private council with the governors, to prevail upon the border states to accept compensated emancipation. He showed that the cost of the war, even then, for half a day would pay for every slave, man, woman and child, in the state of Maryland, and the cost of the war for two weeks would pay for all such slaves in all border states, and if his proposition had been accepted it would have made the war impossible. He saw what perhaps only one other saw as clearly, the awful impending doom that the states were rushing to. Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia and Abraham Lincoln saw that they were being hurried into a calamity and catastrophe unspeakable. Now after over fifty years everybody sees, what Lincoln saw so clearly then, that it was the very, very wrong way of doing the right thing, and that with deliberation and patience it might have been averted.



THE LOG CABIN

In which Abraham Lincoln was born, February 12, 1809

Said her husband, the postmaster of Charleston:

"The father of Abraham Lincoln could write a better looking signature than his son; I have seen both."

I like these touches that restore to American history the sanctities of parentage. Here let motherhood be glorified. Here let children be taught to revere the "Madonna of the West" who in this place gave birth to the savior of his country. Here let it be told that out of her kindly heart did Abraham Lincoln learn gentleness, and by virtue of that gentleness did he win the hearts of the world. Washington was just; Lincoln was just and merciful. Jefferson was wise; Lincoln was wise and witty, endowed with a sense of humor that softened the hard places of life. Thus Lincoln won the love of the humanity to which he belongs.

It is true that he did bravely and wisely lead us through the fiery ordeal, but there is a page in his life never yet justly covered by his biographies, and here let it be known by the reunited country that at least seven different times in the year of indecision he tried,

His was ever the gentle word and perhaps to the angels of Heaven the crowning title of Abraham Lincoln, above all those ascribed to him today, will be that of the "Prince of Pardoners," the man who left his bed at midnight and walked unattended to the post-office to assure himself that the dispatch had been delivered which would save the life of a private soldier. And who when assured that the message had been received, said, "I will go back now, perhaps I can sleep."

If one would find this neglected plus to that which the biographers and the philosophers find, we must come to this humble cabin and restore the babe into the arms of the blessed mother, tutored to gentleness and sweetness, to patince and tenderness.

What strange weaving of providence was that which on the same night, a hundred and eight years ago, gave to humanity the Twin Brothers of Destiny. One was born to culture and refinement, the inheritor of wealth and whatever universities had to give; the

other born within those logs, the heir of poverty, of toil and few privileges. And yet the hearts of both these children of destiny were touched with the same tenderness and shadowed by the same pathos. One liberated the minds of men and opened up new vistas into the glories of God's providence, the other broke the shackles from off the limbs of four million of his brother men and wrote anew the gospel of the Golden Rule. He brought it down to date and incorporated it into a constitution. Charles Darwin and Abraham Lincoln were given to the world on the same eventful night.

Said Darwin, writing to an American scientist regarding our big struggle: "My heart is all alive with sympathy with you. On my voyage on the "Beagle" I heard in Brazil the cries of a slave woman under the lash. That cry has echoed in my ears ever since and made many an hour sleepless."

When the boatman on his first trip to New Orleans heard the cry of anguish and saw a slip of a colored girl being sold under the hammer he said to his cousin, "Great God, John, see that! If ever power is given me I will strike that thing hard." And the power was given him.

We stand here today trying to quicken our imagination, to appreciate what the scholars are slowly discovering, in the mighty tide of life once centered here. Here came the great gift of God in lowly form and cradled in simplicity.

I glory in this restored shrine. Thirteen years ago I found yon beautiful spring, a hog wallow, I called it, a "neglected shrine." Now it is a "restored shrine," entrusted to the safe keeping of the nation. It becomes us, pilgrims on this beautiful Sunday afternoon, to spend the all too brief hour in this presence in humility, gratitude and holy consecration that we may go away nurtured by the spirit of the great Pardoner, tutored by the patience and sweetness and suffering of the gentle mother, and to teach our children the lessons of piety involved.

To one who insisted upon discipline and rigidity of law and who would rob a poor boy of his life, with a quaint humor he said: "I do not see how hanging would do him any good and I am sure it will not do us any good."

Lincoln felt the sanctity of life and overcame the war god and the teacher of hate. He was the only man in history who dared form his cabinet of those who mistrusted him, his enemies and rivals.

Our blue-blooded Charles Sumner at the outset refused to meet him in social contact, called him awkward, coarse and inefficient, but when the first lady of the land was led into the reception room at the first Inaugural Ball she leaned upon the arm of Charles Sumner. And when the breath escaped the lips of the dying President his hand was held by Charles Sumner, and his noble face was drenched with tears, and I have already quoted the benediction of the man who so distrusted his methods but grew to respect profoundly his personality.

Benediction.....Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Touched may we be, Oh Father, with the new sanctities of life; quickened by Thy love made manifest by these, Thy chosen children, may we go forth from this place with new reverence for motherhood, new regard for fatherhood, to re-commit ourselves to the gospel of love, to the loyalty of democracy, to the purity, the sublimity of our Nation, to the redemption of mankind and the worship of Thee, the Most High. Amen.

A Lincoln Pilgrimage

At nine o'clock on the evening of Saturday, February 10th, four Pullmans, carrying some eighty pilgrims, rolled out of Chicago on the Big Four road, bound for Hodgenville, Kentucky, Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, and, on the home stretch, for Cincinnati. The expedition had a double purpose, the commemoration of the Lincoln birthday at the Lincoln birthplace, near Hodgenville, and the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap with appropriate Lincoln exercises.

The party was made up under the auspices of the Lincoln Memorial University, and the party was composed of representatives of various civic, social and religious interests in Chicago. Among these representatives were Mayor Thompson, Bishop Fallows, a bunch of Methodist ministers, Miss M. E. Ahern, editor of *Public Libraries,* and Miss Georgine Faulkner, the child charmer among story tellers, while Abraham Lincoln Centre filled a car with twenty-two delegates.

We were scheduled to reach Louisville about nine o'clock Sunday morning, but the train was long and heavy, and consequent slow travel and frequent stops delayed our arrival and also our breakfast until after eleven. But the breakfast was delicious when it came, or rather when we came, and well worth waiting for, as were all our meals *en route,* whether served on diner or on land. Our stay in Louisville was brief, for we had sixty-four miles between us and Hodgenville, to make and re-make before the evening. Here our four cars, which carried us to the end and back to the beginning of our journey, and in which we were by this time beginning to feel a sort of proprietary interest, left the main-traveled road and took us over a branch of the Louisville & Nashville road to Hodgenville. Up and up we climbed into the hills. Imagination was busy. We heard the name of Daniel Boone. We remembered the primeval wilderness of which some reminders still exist in an occasional giant elm or sycamore. Now and then a log cabin with stick chimney, standing in its clearing and surrounded by a "worm fence," carried us back to the days of Indian horrors and pioneer hardships, the latter seemingly not left far behind in places. We half expected a band of white-capped riders to round the forest-covered hill behind us, and a group of "moonshiners" would have been scarcely less a surprise than their absence.

As we had been late at Louisville, we were still later at Hodgenville, and in a consequent hurry the rest of the day. Here automobiles were in waiting and quickly transferred us over the three-mile boulevard road to the entrance of the Lincoln farm. Thence a three-minute walk brought us in view of four flights of stone steps and the stately granite temple which now encloses the log hut where the greatest of Americans first looked upon the light of day. The history of this building has been frequently told, but it belongs to this story and must be briefly sketched here to preserve the wholeness of the narrative.

In 1904, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, during one of his "March escapes," sought out the Lincoln birthplace. He was able to locate the site of the cabin, but the hut itself was away on an exhibition tour, while the spring, so often mentioned in the Lincoln biographies, was a

resort for cows and a wallowing place for pigs, and the farm was about to undergo a sheriff's sale. Saddened by the neglect, Mr. Jones penned an editorial for UNITY which was laid under the eye of the editor and publisher of *Collier's Weekly*. Mr. Collier was interested and promptly sent a member of his editorial staff, Richard Lloyd Jones, to the neglected spot with instructions to take such steps as might be necessary to preserve the farm to the memory of Lincoln and the honor of the nation. It was bought under the sheriff's hammer and steps were immediately taken to organize the Lincoln Farm Association for the purpose of carrying on the project. The logs of the cabin were found in New York and restored to their original home, the cabin being reconstructed as nearly as possible to its original form, and sufficient money was raised, largely through small contributions from the school children of the country, to build the granite enclosure, reforestate the farm and provide an endowment for its care. This purpose took twelve years for its accomplishment, and on the 4th of September, 1916, a notable gathering was held on the spot, and the property was transferred to the care and ownership of the Federal government by the association, and accepted in a characteristic speech by President Wilson. It was a fitting culmination in that the first Lincoln birthday succeeding this event should be celebrated on the spot with a program planned and conducted by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, whose imagination and insight paved the way for this splendid achievement.

We stepped across the threshold of this humble dwelling and spent a few too brief moments within its walls. We then filed out to occupy the chairs which had been placed for us at the rear and side of the cabin within the granite enclosure. We had scarcely time to read the inscriptions on the walls,—the story of Lincoln's life from his own lips, a sketch of Nancy Hanks, and other fitting lines, when the impressive service began. We sang a hymn of peace to the tune America. We read responsively a few lines whose keynote was struck in the opening:

> Renewed this day be all holy memories,
> All high and holy traditions of the past.

Jennie F. W. Johnson sang the Magnificat in her noble contralto. A few earnest words from Bishop Fallows, a brief eulogium by Mr. H. R. Rathbone, President of the Hamilton Club, a sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, "A Thousand Years, My Own Columbia," by Miss Johnson, another hymn and a benediction by Mr. Jones, and the never-to-be-forgotten service was ended.

We paid a hasty visit to the spring which poured its clear water over the rocks a little distance from the house, and hastened on our way back to Louisville, for our bunch of ministers were all to preach in the various churches of that city. The company scattered to the various churches according to inclination. The present writer chose to hear John Haynes Holmes of New York City, and was not sorry, for the sermon was a brave utterance on "The Church of Tomorrow," with the emphasis laid upon its social and humanitarian phases.

And again our scurrying train bore us away in the darkness, this time across the state of Kentucky to land us at daylight in sight of Cumberland Gap and the Lincoln Memorial University. That is another story.

Ann Arbor, Mich. EVELYN H. WALKER.

THE STUDY TABLE

THE LIFE OF THE CATERPILLAR. J. Henri Fabre. New York: 1916. Dodd, Mead & Co. 16 vols., 376 pages. Price, $1.50 net.

The sixth volume of the translation of Fabre's *Souvenirs entomologiques* now appears under the title of "The Life of the Caterpillar." To say that it yields to none of its predecessors in interest and importance is to give it the highest praise. Only a half dozen caterpillars are studied, but they give much ground for thought. Most attention is given to "the pine processionary," the entire life history of which is sketched, and to the general subjects of insect odor and sense of smell. One of the few lepidoptera that is social in its life, the pine processionary shows more appearance of reasoning power than most of that showy but relatively uninteresting group. Nothing looks more well ordered and well planned than the marches, which these creatures make with the precision and co-operation of a company of well-trained soldiers. All this appearance of reason, however, is deceptive; it is only the blind following of an irresistible impulse. The procession is purely mechanical; there is no true co-operation. Fabre's experiment, in which the uninterrupted, circular procession, without a real leader, with no apparent motive, against natural temptations and attractions, kept up until actual exhaustion, is a complete demonstration. At the beginning he could say: "The circular procession begins, as I have said, on the 30th of January, about midday, in splendid weather. The caterpillars march at an even pace, each touching the stern of the one in front of him. The unbroken chain eliminates the leader with his changes of direction; and all follow mechanically, as faithful to their circle as are the hands of a watch. The headless line has no liberty left, no will; it has become mere clock-work." This aimless labor was kept up for seven days before accident broke the chain and set the individuals free; there were intervals due to weariness and cold, but there must have been fully eighty-four hours of movement; the circle may have been followed 335 times.

Nowhere does Fabre make his favorite point more tellingly than here; the insect is non-intelligent, is absolutely controlled by blind instinct. But he always leaves us helpless. The more he demonstrates the blindness of instinct, its adaptation only to the normal situation, its failure in any new combination, the more we query—whence and why? Those whom he assails tried to explain; even if they failed they were constructive in purpose. Fabre seems to destroy, but he never attempts to construct. Does he come back to the idea of a creator, who implants the marvelous instincts? If so, he leads us into more serious difficulties; such a being is made more and more terrible, less and less comprehensible, by the wonders which Fabre brings so skilfully to light. It is indeed a cunning workman who can devise such an infinity of automata, all run by different springs, working beautifully though to no end or purpose, when they do work, but breaking down so helplessly and hopelessly when a grain of dust gets into the machinery. Is he so finite that he finds amusement in trying to see how many different combinations he *can* make? Fabre's new volume is full of wonders and raises a multitude of questions. FREDERICK STARR.

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN

February 4, 1784. October 5, 1818.

Born in Virginia. When three years old, her parents, Joseph and Nancy (Shipley) Hanks, crossed the mountains into Kentucky. Orphaned at nine, she was adopted and reared by Richard and Lucy Shipley Berry, at whose home in Beechland, Washington County, Kentucky, she was married to Thomas Lincoln, June 17, 1806. Of this union were born Sarah, Abraham and Thomas. The first married Aaron Grigsby and died in Indiana, 1828. The last died in infancy. The second lived to write the emancipation proclamation. The days of the distaff, the skillet, the Dutch oven, the open fireplace with its iron crane, are no longer, but homemaking is still the finest of the fine arts. Nancy Hanks was touched with the divine aptitudes of the fireside. Loved and honored for her wit, geniality and intelligence, she justified an ancestry reaching beyond the seas, represented by the notable names of Hanks, Shipley, Boone, Evans and Morris. To her was entrusted the task of training a giant, in whose childhood's memories she was hallowed. Of her he said:

"My earliest recollection of my mother is sitting at her feet with my sister, drinking in the tales and legends that were read and related to us."

To him on her deathbed she said: "I am going away from you, Abraham, and I shall not return. I know you will be a good boy, that you will be kind to Sarah and your father. I want you to live as I have taught you and to love your Heavenly Father."

"All that I am or hope to be I owe to my angel mother."

THOMAS LINCOLN

January 20, 1770. January 17, 1851.

Fifth in descent from Samuel Lincoln, Weaver, who landed at Hingham, Massachusetts, May 26, 1637, orphaned at six years of age by an Indian bullet, he grew up homeless in the wild woods of Kentucky. At twenty-five he was the possessor of this cabin home and its neighboring acres. In 1818 he moved to Indiana, then a territory. Five years later he followed the tide of emigration to Illinois, where he lived a peaceful, industrious, respected citizen, a genial, honest and contented pioneer. With courage and energy he built with his own hand five homes, each better than the preceding one. He won and held the love and confidence of two noble women and he was the father of Abraham Lincoln. "My father insisted that none of his children should suffer from the want of education as he had."

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"He was a good carpenter for the times. He had the best set of tools in Washington County. The Lincolns had a cow and a calf, milk and butter, a good feather-bed, for I have slept on it; they had a home-woven 'kiverlid': big and little pots, a loom and wheel. Tom Lincoln was a man and took care of his wife. Reverend Jesse Head, the minister who married Tom Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, talked boldly against slavery and Tom and Nancy Lincoln and Sarah Bush were just steeped full of Jesse Head's notions about the wrong of slavery and the rights of man as explained by Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine.

PROFESSOR T. C. GRAHAM,
Of Louisville, Kentucky.

From the Walls of the Lincoln Birthplace Temple

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN
Born, 1783
Married, June 12, 1806
Died, October 5, 1818

O Mother Nigh-Forgotton

"God bless my Angel mother! All that I am,
or ever hope to be, I owe to her."
—Abraham Lincoln.

The empires aged and vanished;
The centuries unrolled;
A New World rose from shadow,
New cycles to unfold.

Again the heavens yearned downward;
Again, in winter wild,
The self-same stars were watching
A Mother and a Child;

Another manger-cradle,
And oxen standing by,
And humble folk low bending
To catch a baby's cry.

O little knew the Mother,
Madonna of the West,
How Fame and Fate were watching
The babe upon her breast!

The boy her heart had prayed for,
And loved so mother-well,—
No dream foretold him Savior,
The land's Emmanuel.

No angel-vision showed her
The spirit's growth in grace,
The wisdom and the stature,
The patience in the face.

She heard no song of captives
In rapture of release;
No praising world acclaim him
God's Messenger of Peace;

Nor saw, across the Aprils,
A form upon a rood,
And a great nation shaken
With grief and gratitude;

Nor felt the four winds throbbing
With distant birthday bells,
As, South and North commingling,
One surge of gladness swells.

O Woman of the birth-pangs,
Mother, who never knew,
With battle-scars outfaded,
Our faces turn to you!

O Mother, nigh-forgotten,
Today, amid our joy,
A land all thanks remembers
The Mother of the Boy!

—William C. Gannett.

A Peace Pilgrimage to Washington

The newest anti-militarist society in this part of the country is the "Emergency Peace Federation," which came into existence in New York City during the early part of February. Its avowed object is:

"To keep America from War and Attendant Consequences."

Its immediate program is:

1. To urge our government to defer settlement of any international conflicts affecting America until the present war is over.
2. To keep Americans out of the danger zone.
3. To consult the people by referendum before declaring war.

Its treasurer is Rev. Frederick Lynch. Miss Lella Faye Secor is secretary, and such people as Mrs. Henry Villard, Emily Greene Balch, Louis Lochner and Ella Flagg Young are moving spirits.

Its first undertaking was the getting together of a large delegation that invaded and pervaded Washington on Monday, February 12th, with the avowed purpose of showing the legislators that there is in the country today an insistent anti-militaristic spirit that demands to be heard.

For eighteen hours the delegates individually and en masse carried on their propaganda work. They didn't stop to eat. They listened to speeches while they ate. Telegraph wires, telephones and typewriters were kept busy. Resolutions were formulated, discussed and voted upon. The "contribution plates" were passed and filled. In fact work was the order of the day. It is doubtful if the national capital ever before saw a similar group of people more earnest, more serious, more strenuous or more resourceful. And let me say right here that, all newspaper reports to the contrary, the delegation was well received. Every possible courtesy was extended to its various members, and its speakers everywhere and at all times were accorded the most respectful attention; and moreover, several congressmen, among them Oscar Calloway of Texas and Warren Worth Bailey of Pennsylvania, and Senators La Follette of Wisconsin and Works of California spoke to and for the federation during the day and evening.

The great underlying motive behind and within this oganization is contained in the idea that the American people is the ruling power in our country, and that it must act through Congress—which simply means that it must, at all times (particularly in times of crises), disclose to that body its will and purpose. To this end delegates from many states, including anti-militarists of all sorts—social workers, representatives of many religious denominations (including the Quakers), labor representatives from both factory and farm, students from radical schools and conservative universities, members of the Socialist party and the Socialist Labor party, all joined forces to voice the protests of their various organizations against an increasing, ill-advised, wholly unethical participation in the European war, as well as against the enactment of conscription laws and universal military training. To say that they breathed into the tense atmosphere of Washington a spirit of militant opposition to American participation in the war is not sufficient, for (and this is a more significant and far-reaching fact) they gave notice of the certain concentration in this country of all the elements akin to those which are making themselves felt as a factor for peace in all European countries today.

One would like to speak more at length, not only of the day in Washington, but of the splendid "send-off" meeting Sunday evening at the Church of the Messiah—a meeting which was full of the same spirit of militant pacifism that fills the heart and mind of both John Haynes Holmes and his associate minister. One speech there given must be mentioned, that of Rev. W. Harris Crook of Boston, who paid his respects to the mis-representative press, especially of this part of the country, and thereby furnished the keynote of many similar speeches during the following day. But one can only mention in passing the breakfast conference at the Continental Hotel early Monday morning, speeches at the Capitol and the White House, the meeting of college alumni at two o'clock, followed by a full meeting of all the delegates at which resolutions were adopted for presentation to the President, the dinner conference at six, the large and most enthusiastic evening meeting at the Unitarian Church, and the (literally) eleventh-hour conference at the hotel, which broke up just in time to permit the New York delegation to get to the station and scramble aboard the train.

It was such tremendous activity and whole-souled attention to business that led David Lawrence to write in the *New York Evening Post*:

> Altogether the work of the Emergency Peace Federation was as effective a piece of organization in behalf of a public movement as Washington has witnessed in many a day. People did not toss it off as mere "propaganda." They came to the meetings, listened and applauded. Somehow the pacifists got a better reception than their most enthusiastic followers had believed was possible in the national capital. Which leads to a suspicion that the war spirit has not yet taken hold as widely as the jingoes would have people believe.

And with this activity there was evident at all times during the day an intensity of purpose and a moral earnestness that was as effective as it was evident. A comment that was overheard on Pennsylvania Avenue, as the large body of men and women stood in the biting wind waiting for the word to march in the direction of the White House, seemed to sum up the situation. It came in slow, drawling tones from a bystander: "Well, these yere pacifists suttenly do have courage of thyar convictions, and, by George, let me tell yer they're right courageous!"

Has the time not come for all of us to admit that the man who has the courage of an idea, of a faith, is always made of sterner stuff than the man who has only the courage of his fists; to believe, with Horace Traubel, that "the thing that saves the face of the human stock is not its physical, but its moral bravery; not what its body can stand, but what its soul can stand"; to realize, moreover, that the best way to prepare for war is to be so ready for peace that war is impossible?

BLANCHE WATSON.

New York City, Feb. 16, 1917.

The most potent and beneficent forces are stillest. The strength of a sentence is not in its adjectives, but in its verbs and nouns, and the strength of men and of nations is in their calm, sane, meditative moments. In a time of noise and hurry and materialism like ours, the gospel of the still small voice is always seasonable. *John Burroughs.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR..... EDITH LLOYD JONES

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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Unitarians of America are just waking up to their opportunities and responsibilities, and are launching a great forward movement. One of the mainsprings of this movement is the Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers, D. D., of Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Crothers will give the month of March to the Middle West, where he lived for some years, and which he loves and understands.

Mr. Crothers may be heard in Chicago at the following times and places:

Sunday, February 25th, at eight o'clock, at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard.

Monday, February 26th, at the same place and hour. There will be no admission fee at these two meetings.

Tuesday, February 27th, Mr. Crothers will be the guest of the Unitarians of Chicago at a supper at the City Club, 315 Plymouth Court, at six-thirty o'clock. Those who desire to attend this dinner should send their reservations to the Rev. E. C. Smith, 105 South Dearborn Street ('Phone Central 1917), by Monday night, February 26th. All are cordially invited to the dinner, the price of which will be $1.00 per plate. Those who wish to come in later for the lecture will be welcome. Mr. Crothers will address himself directly to the perplexities of the modern man in matters of religion and to the eternal verities which abide through all changes.

E. C. SMITH, *Secretary W. U. C.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE NOTES.

The Editor leaves for his March itinerary, Sunday afternoon, February 25. Engagements already made carry him to Rochester, N. Y., New York City, Philadelphia, Swarthmore, Pittsburgh, Washington, a series of engagements in Florida, Birmingham, Ala., and the Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap, Tenn.

The pulpit of All Souls Church will be supplied during his absence as follows: March 4: Llewellyn Jones, Literary Editor of the Chicago Evening Post. March 11: Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey, of Rochester, N. Y. March 18 and 25: Rev. Daniel Roy Freeman, of Grand Rapids, Mich. April 1: Frances Neilson, of England.

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